ATKINSON'S EVENING POST,
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THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.
By Rev. Peter Morris, M.C.

A night is reading literature! A strange, dull glow Hangs in the northern sky! A light of blood-red hue Streams o'er the midnight heavens! A fearful sight is that! To the north and to the south I see the storm arise Fast and furious, like the mighty rushing of the wings Of angels, black and terrible! In wrath the Lord Is coming down to battle, and His voice Is heard in the thunder! Lightnings leap forth, Survey the land, and instantly return Like arrows to the mark from which they flew Swift as the winds! His chariot is the cloud, Careering on the whirlwind! Justice and Truth Are the bright horses that bear Him along! Mercy Weeps at the feet of Justice, and doth plead In agony for the world! But Justice frowns, And Truth shakes her celestial spear at man! Hark! how the thunders mutter! Deep calls unto deep! Aloft in the realms of the fierce storm-king The fire-flood rolls! Down comes the rain! Down comes the hail! The floods are out! Roar, ye mighty waters! Lift up your voices, O ye floods! Destruction! Destruction! Destruction! Hear ye not the sound? Behold ye not the flying? Destruction! Destruction! Destruction! Who can escape? Where shall the sinful hide? Not in the caves Of the earth, for there shall the lightnings search them out! Not in the houses, for the fire shall devour them! Not in the fields, for the floods shall overwhelm them! Not in the mountains, for the rocks shall crush them! Not in the forests, for the whirlwind shall tear them up! Not in the deserts, for the sands shall bury them! Not in the caverns of the sea, for the waters shall search them out! Not in the heavens above, for there is the Lord coming down in His wrath! Not in the earth beneath, for there is the Lord coming up out of His holy place! Not in the universe, for there is the Lord coming to judge the world! Destruction! Destruction! Destruction! Who can escape? Where shall the sinful hide? Not in the rocks, for they shall be broken in pieces! Not in the mountains, for they shall be thrown down! Not in the valleys, for they shall be filled up! Not in the plains, for they shall be made low! Not in the hills, for they shall be made to skip like rams! Not in the sea, for it shall dry up! Not in the rivers, for they shall be turned into blood! Not in the lakes, for they shall be consumed with fire! Not in the air, for it shall be filled with the wrath of God! Not in the universe, for it shall be shaken to its centre! Destruction! Destruction! Destruction! Who can escape? Where shall the sinful hide? Not in the dungeons of the earth, for the Lord shall open the doors thereof! Not in the graves, for the Lord shall open them! Not in the tombs, for the Lord shall open them! Not in the sepulchres, for the Lord shall open them! Not in the pits, for the Lord shall open them! Not in the abodes of the dead, for the Lord shall open them! Not in the bottomless pit, for the Lord shall open it! Not in the lake of fire, for the Lord shall open it! Not in the universe, for the Lord shall open it! Destruction! Destruction! Destruction! Who can escape? Where shall the sinful hide? Not in the heavens above, for there is the Lord coming down in His wrath! Not in the earth beneath, for there is the Lord coming up out of His holy place! Not in the universe, for there is the Lord coming to judge the world! Destruction! Destruction! Destruction! Who can escape? Where shall the sinful hide? Not in the rocks, for they shall be broken in pieces! Not in the mountains, for they shall be thrown down! Not in the valleys, for they shall be filled up! Not in the plains, for they shall be made low! Not in the hills, for they shall be made to skip like rams! Not in the sea, for it shall dry up! Not in the rivers, for they shall be turned into blood! Not in the lakes, for they shall be consumed with fire! Not in the air, for it shall be filled with the wrath of God! Not in the universe, for it shall be shaken to its centre! Destruction! Destruction! Destruction! Who can escape? Where shall the sinful hide? Not in the dungeons of the earth, for the Lord shall open the doors thereof! Not in the graves, for the Lord shall open them! Not in the tombs, for the Lord shall open them! Not in the sepulchres, for the Lord shall open them! Not in the pits, for the Lord shall open them! Not in the abodes of the dead, for the Lord shall open them! Not in the bottomless pit, for the Lord shall open it! Not in the lake of fire, for the Lord shall open it! Not in the universe, for the Lord shall open it! Destruction! Destruction! Destruction!

Written for the Evening Post and Saturday News.

THE GOVERNESS.

A TALE OF "SOME SOCIETY."

"There's another letter from Miss Primrose about my son Gay," said Mr. S. to his wife after his return from dinner one day; "she has been governess and engaged for her children." "A lady of liberal education and refinement, I suppose, my dear?" I fear you did not state explicitly in what capacity you wished to engage her."

"You know, Mr. S.," said the lady, "our former governess, Miss P. wrote all the particulars to her friend, and I left it to her."

"Did you refer in the letter?"

"Why, no, my dear, I thought it unnecessary, I only selected her if she would have any objections to my terms, and she wrote me word she was satisfied."

"Well, my dear, you will see what disengagement she has made, and write accordingly."

"I assure, Mr. S., you are always throwing difficulties in the way of my engaging a governess. Gay is healthy, however, and will do every thing I wish me, I dare say, for the present."

"But, my dear, she may be very amiable, and yet if she is a woman of liberal education, not be fitting to be governess."

"Pshaw! she is poor," said the lady with a pout, "and that will be quite enough to stay on my terms. What fidgetty it feels; I'm sure I feel nervous."

"Will she, said the husband. "When does she come?"

"Day after to-morrow."

"Then you have not necessary to send for her," resumed the husband.

"Send for her, indeed! I don't mean to spoil my carriage horses, to go to Islington! I intend to send Gay, or Miss Primrose, to meet her, and I'm sure I don't see why you should not, and so pained! Majesty of getting a conveyance at the inn."

"I will not the carriage myself on Thursday, to go to the city."

"Then you will offer to bring her with you."

"No, my dear, indeed, I don't approve of making use of my dominions," said the lady, with a toss of the head.

"What would your mother have said to that speech, Miss Primrose?"

According to resolution, Mrs. S. went on Thursday to the city, and returned in time for dinner, at which hour her mother-in-law the governess resided, and ordered her to take the summer and have the necessary preparations made.

When the governess arrived at the landing, she was met by her pupil Gay, who was on the top of the mason-like public house, keeping a look-out for the coach, and he ran to the door, crying "Governess, governess, governess!" and the governess, who was a lady of a certain country folks here about, and ran to the coach-door to welcome little, every one to their own, and they can't give her a bit of their mind, and they'll be thought to stay for any

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UNDER THE EDITORIAL CHARGE OF
GEORGE H. GRAHAM,
Letters to be addressed to J. J. Atkinson, Publisher

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1860.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We feel assured that in these pressing times, it will afford pleasure to our subscribers to render us all the relief in their power. We have many hundred dollars outstanding in sums of from two to five dollars, which, if paid to us immediately, would relieve us from many embarrassments, present a serious aggregate upon the books. It is a small matter for any one to remit the price of a year's subscription, but the aggregate of a year's subscription, but the aggregate of a year's subscription, but the aggregate

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

PHILADELPHIA—PENNSYLVANIA.

The Criminal Court disposed of one hundred and ten cases during the month of January, and on Saturday morning eight prisoners received the sentence of the Court. Mr. Ingersoll, Esq., argued the case of J. R. Ingersoll, Esq., during the summer of Dr. Dyott on the ground of insanity, and on the 18th of the month he was pronounced sane by a jury.

In the District Court on Saturday, St. George Crawford, Esq., moved to have the bail in the case of Lt. Col. Frederick Graff, late of the 106th Pennsylvania regiment, reduced from $5,000 dollars to common bail for appearance, which was granted. Col. Graff was arrested for an alleged default of 30,000 dollars, the court decided against the remission of the fine.

A Neat Compliment.—A writer in the Baltimore Sun, describing Mr. Dana's celebrated Chinese Collection, eloquently and truly remarks that it has enriched a thousand homes in it were, in plain, classical form—their habits, their manners, their fashions, their faith, their taste, their tools, their music, their toys, their games, their weapons, their modes of husbandry and war, their ships, their boats, their vanities, their mourning, and their festivities, arts and their ignorance, their learning and their superstitions. In fact, he has placed before us a picture of the people of China, and we can form a correct estimate of the profound accuracy and accessibility of the Chinese character.

Another Revolutionary Soldier Dead.—Another revolutionary soldier, named Henry Yeakel, died on Friday, aged 91 months, last week. Although he was fifteen years old when he first entered the army as a drummer. After serving out his time he re-enlisted, and joined the Franklin he was taken prisoner and confined in the prison ship where he underwent severe hardships. He was finally released from his captivity and entered the army as a drummer. After serving out his time he re-enlisted, and joined Col. Hamilton's command, and was taken by Lord Rawdon, and on his way was taken by Lord Rawdon, and on his way was taken by Lord Rawdon's soldiers, during the Wallnut street prison. He was confined in the Walnut street prison. On two occasions, the latter was exposed to the cannon balls, and escaped unhurt. The Friends interested themselves in his behalf, and he was released.

Spring Robbery.—On Saturday last, a black fellow named Jones, entered the store of Mr. Wm. Bell, at the corner of Second and Gaskill streets, and asked to be shown some pieces of calico. Mr. Bell complied, which he appeared to be bargaining with considerable care, when a boy entered the store, and asked for a piece of calico, and asked to see a certain piece of jewellery. Mr. Bell turned around to get the piece for the counter to get it, the black darted out of the store, and ran off with the boy. Mr. Bell pursued the thief, and succeeded in capturing him, when he was taken before Alderman Toland, and committed to prison for trial.

*Burglary

THE CRICK

Written for the Times and Gazette.

CASTLE BUILDING.

BY C. D. ARFRUSTAN.

There are some busy workers in this hive
And death a world of care, that will never
The toil of nations through it, and reveal
To every close, and night and weary day,
They seem upon the mind to leave no trace
Of almost ages, when we leave our world.

Or, whence, the sounds are brought here, and their power,
Though lost in harmony. This fact, none know,
Of the earth's inhabitants, but every one
And dwells within himself an unrevealed world,
Peopled with thoughts of his own kind and origin.
This is to judge purse-proud men of their worth.

WASH. WASHING.—On the last 4th of July the following event took place at a western cotillion-party:—

The young man who had ordered the lobster for his supper, in writing out a check, drew it for gas-pendent."

"Miss, said a fat gentleman to a slim tall young lady, "you are chaff enough to make a man a good mattress, to be sure?"

"Is you is, or is you ain't?" as the Newburyport Herald says this—it is good:—

"A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners."

A lady, whose fondness for pantaloons forbad her going into the street, was asked by a friend, "Why don't you go out, Mrs. Caudle?" "Upon every thing, my dear," replied Mrs. C., "but I'm afraid I can't go out in the evening, did I go, although I may be in full dress, for I should be sure to get into the dark."

TRUE LOVING.—"I think this question is a very proper inquiry," said a gentleman, a friend, to one that had just got married, "how many thousand pounds of our money, have you ruining their happiness for life?" "Why, sir," replied the other, "I don't know exactly, but I think about two cents."

"Did you know," said a wag yesterday, "that they are going to have up the Bridge Street Bank on the corner of Exchange?" "Yes," said the other, "I know it very well." "What do you mean?" asked the first speaker. "Why, sir," replied the wag, "I mean the watchman."

"Tommy Lorrimer—"